

Selected Poetry.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I stood outside of hell's
Dark walls, and cries, and groans, and yell,
Heard faintly from afar within
That dark abode of pain and sin;
Loud and louder on the ear
These murmurs broke, and seemed more near
To be advancing, like the roar
Of some dark storm-cloud breaking o'er
A mighty forest, old and still,
And rushing on o'er dale and hill.
Curses and imprecations dire,
Terms of contempt and vengeful ire,
From myriad tongues, I now would hear,
Each moment seeming still more near.
Toward where I stood the tumult grew,
And hell's broad gates wide open flew.
Out rushed a being, sore in haste,
By demons, imps and devils chased.
"Drive him off!" loud Satan cried,
"And you, gate-keeper, woe betide,
If e'er within these walls is seen
Another being half so mean!"
A fiend came next, I said, "Play hell
Is aught too mean, too vile for hell!"
Who can that wretched being be,
Whom thou hast forced so fast to flee
From this dark den of sin and shame?
Tell whence he came and what's his name!"
He grinned a smile of fiend-like mirth,
And cried, "A Copperhead from Earth."

OUR COUNTRY'S WOE.

When midnight with slow and stealthy tread
Comes up from the fatigues of sleep,
Thou dost with the weight of thy country's
woe,
Bow down thy head and weep.
When dawn creeps over the purple hills
Like light to a darkened soul;
Through the length and breadth of this lovely
land
Sounds the war-drum's solemn roll.
At noon the smoke of the cannon ascends,
Obscuring the sun in his power,
Leaving the pen and pencil to tell
Of a dark and terrible hour.
When he sinks down earth's western walls
Ye can trace the signs of woe.
For reflected above is the crimsoned tide
From the veins of our heroes below.
I would give my life, but what is a life
When thousands are daily given,
And the breath that goes up from the fields of
strife.
Sends a wail through the halls of heaven
If every breath was a diamond pearl,
And every tear a star,
I would give them to tear from her bosom,
The terrible scourge of war.
But her woe shall be her glory,
In the years of coming time,
When the ringing shout of freedom,
Shall sound through the earth sublime.
Freedom for every living creature,
Wearing the human form,
When the dove shall fold her snow-white
wings,
Where sweep the blood-red storms.
No more shall the cannon rattle,
No more shall the spoiler breathe
Sweep through the broad savannah,
Reaping the harvest of death.
No more shall tears from sleepless eyes
Of the midnight mourner flow,
For wrapt in the eternal past shall be
The cause of our country's woe.

ROSE COTLER, 1864.

TO LIZZIE.

Once only have we met in life,
Mid scenes of pleasure's crowded hall,
And now, since friendship's pledge is fixed,
May blessings round thee fall.
May heaven her choicest blessings pour
Upon thy spirit pure and true,
As evening sheds on leaf and flower,
The soft and pearly dew.
May no bright hopes e'er rise within
Thy heart to perish, unfulfilled,
And may no tender thoughts of thine,
By wintry blasts be chilled.
God keep thy precious soul from gloom,
And guard thee from the blights of life,
Till thou art borne on angel wings,
Beyond this world of strife.
T. JEFF. PETTIT.
Manchester, O., March 1, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

THINGS THAT MAKE A PATRIOT MAD.

To hear men who have never read
the Constitution, and never heard it
read, ranting about its violation.
To hear men who never did a
day's labor in their lives, howling
about the influx of negroes and its
injury to white laborers.
To hear men rave about the Presi-
dent's violation of the Constitution,
who are so utterly stupid or knavish
that they have never ascertained that
the rebellion is in violation of the
Constitution.
To hear men who care not for law
—for God nor man—and who live in
daily violation of law, prating about
law.
To hear men who, were they
South, would be treated as the poorest
and meanest of "white trash," taunted
as "mudsills," "greasy mechanics,"
&c., upholding the very men who so
degrade labor and despise those who
do not own niggers.
To hear men justifying Jefferson
Davis and the South, who have not
the manhood and decency to go
South and seek a home which they
like so well.
To hear a man pray who loves
slavery more than country or free-
dom.
To hear a drunken, lecherous, thick-
headed, gaunt-looking libel upon
manhood, belching about abolition.
To hear a man talking about peace
and compromise, after he has been
kicked and spit upon by the South.
Orange Times.

THE PRESIDENCY.

The Republican National Executive Committee which convened at Washington on Monday last, did a very proper as well as significant act in refusing to admit delegates, who claimed to represent Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, and other rotten borough States. These bogus delegates were all for Lincoln, and if the National Convention, when it meets next June, takes the same ground, we do not see how he can be nominated, as his strength will be in such delegations. This strife for the nomination will develop a healthy feeling in the Republican party against the rotten borough State scheme. [N. Y. World.]

Paragraphs of the nature of this from the World are common in the Opposition journals, and betray a profound fear of Mr. Lincoln as the candidate of the Union party. If Mr. Lincoln was really the unpopular man they pretend, and his nomination truly an advantage to the Opposition, this persistent attempt to break him down in advance would not have been made. In attacking him so bitterly they recognize him as the man most popular with the people. When Gen. McClellan was in command of the armies of the United States, the rebel papers were in loud praise of his ability, and the South, like Trabb's boy in "Great Expectations," abused itself in abject fear of him. The sincerity of this fear was questioned at the time, for it was argued that the enemy, if it really dreaded that commander, would not oppose the suggestion of his removal. If Abraham Lincoln was actually unpopular, the World would be too shrewd to say so. "We do not see how he can be nominated, as his strength will be in such delegations," very innocently says the World, utterly forgetting that Abraham Lincoln has already been declared the people's choice for the next Presidency by the Union State Conventions or Legislatures, of Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Maryland, Kansas, Indiana, Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota, California, New Jersey, and other States besides receiving the warm support of more than two-thirds of the loyal journals in the country, all the Union Leagues, and many of the State Central Committees. Arkansas—rotten borough, as the World chooses to call a State from which it might learn a nobler loyalty than it can now boast—in giving its voice for Mr. Lincoln, proves him to be able to reconcile all sections on a ground of loyalty, and it is certainly no proof of his unpopularity that slave-holding Maryland, Florida, and Tennessee unite with Pennsylvania, California, and anti-slavery Kansas in declaring him the people's choice. [Press.]

DEMOCRATIC LITERATURE.

The following extract from a vigorous editorial in the Atlanta Ga. Appeal of February 23d, on the duty of Northern Democrats in the coming Presidential election, is better than the current style of Democratic electioneering articles on this side of our military lines, therefore, we reproduce it:

The people will be reminded that this will, perhaps, be the only chance they may ever again have of getting rid of an obnoxious Administration. A review of Lincoln's past policy will undoubtedly serve as an active stimulant to supersede his administration, if only to arrest the doom of military dictatorship which his odious and tyrannical rule may justly cause to be apprehended. We take it that the efforts of all, not directly under Lincoln's influence to shake off the shackles which have so long held them in a subject fear and submission, will be stupendous. The very thought of having to submit for at least four years more to such wrongs and oppressions as they have had to endure since Lincoln's ascent to power, will beget a zeal for a change of Administration, such as can alone be exercised by men born to freedom, and subjected temporarily to the galling yoke of oppression.

The experience will be beneficial to the people of the North. If it does not result in the expulsion from power of the present villainous Administration, every impulse of freedom within them must be extinct. If they fail to appreciate more keenly than before the value of freedom by a contrast of the liberty enjoyed in former years with the unmitigated tyranny to which they have had to submit during the past four years, it is because they are unfitted to enjoy freedom, and their abject natures better accord with autocratic rule than republican liberty.

LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1864.

There is no reading more interesting than the rebel newspapers. They are not only the abstract and very brief chronicles of the times (for their dimensions have been woefully diminished by short rations of the war), but they are the reflections of that Northern sentiment, which, affecting to be opposed to the rebellion, is almost confessedly in sympathy with it. I have been looking over and thinking upon a heavy file of these journalistic mirrors of the rebel situation, and I find, in every number, that the public men hated by the Copperheads in the loyal States are hated with equal intensity by the armed traitors. Of all these men, none is hated so bitterly as Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, now in command at Fortress Monroe. If the indignation of the rebels could be distilled into some volatile substance, Gen. Butler could not breathe the air without instant death; and nearly the same intense hostility rankles in the hearts and breaks from the lips of the domestic enemies of the Republic against this remarkable man. I have now before me several Richmond papers of recent date, which reek and run over with the most blasphemous and vulgar allusions to his person and his character. They always call him "Beast Butler," and this term, if possible, made strong by more offensive allusions. The most impossible stories are invented to bring him into further odium among Southern people. He is charged with cruelty to prisoners, insults to ladies, and persecution of the surrounding people. If I had the time and space to expose these calumnies, you would be astonished at the recklessness that circulates them. Mark well the man who repeats these slanders in the loyal States. Is there one whose loyalty can be taken without a heavy discount? Do you, who read these lines, know a thorough Copperhead, or a halting Conservative, or a Peace declaimer, that does not make of Ben. Butler a text for abuse and an excuse for hesitation? All of this class are as obnoxious and deaf to rebel atrocities as if they had been committed by the inhabitants of another planet. Now, what has Gen. Butler done to merit this ungrateful and shameful treatment at the hands of men who enjoy the protection of the Federal Government? He may have been energetic and stern; but has not every Federal officer succeeded who has not been energetic and stern? Every great failure in this war has resulted from rose-water and kid-gloved treatment of traitors who speak with poisonous tongues and strike with the iron hand.

Butler saved Maryland to the Union, he rescued New Orleans from anarchy and bloodshed; he gave to our civil code in war some of its most wholesome and effective interpretations. He has spoken words of gold at a time when we heard nothing but words of despondency. Prompt, bold, and wonderfully fertile of expedients, he has baffled a desperate aristocracy by what would have been called diplomacy if it had not been known and felt as courage. His able, restless, over-active, and wonderful intellect is now at Fortress Monroe. Like an eagle from its eyrie he watches the movements of the enemy and checkmates them with sudden and with diplomatic adroitness. The much discussed question of exchange is, after all that has been said, to be solved by this vigilant and intrepid statesman. He has met the subject with equal skill, learning, and courage, and the very rebels, because they cannot controvert his positions. But this is only one of the many lessons taught by the rebel newspapers and their echoes in the loyal States.

TEN THOUSAND PERSONS "ACCIDENTALLY" BURNED ALIVE IN JAPAN. —In August last, in Japan, not a building with 2,000 beings in it, but a whole city of 170,000 souls was suddenly burnt to ashes in a few hours—a city of paper and bamboo, covering many square miles, filled with its women and children, the sick and the infirm, the blind, the halt, and the maimed. It burned like straw on many sides at once, reddening the ocean, for leagues with its flames. It was fired without warning by bomb-shells and red-hot shot rained incessantly during two days into its midst. In that vast conflagration it is morally certain that not 2,000 only, but at least five times, perhaps ten or twenty times 2,000 helpless creatures must have perished. No brilliant pen has painted for us the hideous incidents of their last agonies and the horrors of an infernal fire before which that of Chili burns but pale and feeble. That death was dealt out to those innocent beings in Japan by English sailors—purpo e ly, unparagonably, and boastfully—not in self preservation, but in order to strike terror into a harmless people whom we are bent upon forcing into trade. [Letter in London Daily News.]

—So long as a woman inspires love, she is not old. But, what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old, is to have no longer a beauty that charms. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who has lost them.

A half famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker, whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," who, when going his rounds to serve customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you need not make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."

MR. NASBY TRIES TO AWAKE AN INTEREST.

Church of the New Dispensation.

February the 10th, 1864. The old Democracy has lost its ancient spirit. I know not why, but a gloomy foreboding ex to our futher her had possession of my sole for several weeks past. I notice that the farmers belonging to my flock wuz avain up greenback and hed quit callin uv em rags—menny refocused to contribbit to the Vallandigham fund, and the collection for the benefit uv the confeder prisoners at Jonson's Island wuz a tole failure, in consequence uv which I am doin without a overcoat this cold wether, which is unclerlike. And wuz than this—I hev heerd recently, members uv the congresshoun, discuss the skarsity uv labor, and I actoolly heerd wun uv em dam Gelf Davis, instid uv Linkin! I felt that suthin must be don, and I set about to do it.

I hed bin preachin considerable on the sublig uv a nigger immigrashen, and ez the dialike uv nigger is cronic in the Democratic mind, I thot I woud stir em up with the nigger octmoar. So I blacked myself all over, and puttin on a soot uv old close, I started out afore daylight, in tin fer Square Garrit's who alluz wuz a invetrit hater of the nigger. The old man saw me a comin and I speedit nothin less than a ballet thro me butter the great cor I hed determined to risk even that. But to my horror the Square said "good mornin," and askt wher I wuz frum. I tod him I wuz a runaway slaiv frum Virginny, and that 32,000 startid the same day I did, and that the rest woud be along in a day or 2. I spozed he woud bile at this, but he didnt. He puld frim his breast poekit the familer old bottle, and invetted me to talk hold. Wich I did, wonderin wher he wuz so pleasant to a nigger. Alas fer Democracy! I soon found out. HE WANTED 2 HIRE METO WORK FER HIM!

Ez the words fell frim his lips, I well nigh fainted, but my consternashen wuz re-doubled when he askt me if I couodnt git him 3 or 4 more kulder men! "Kulder men!" thot I in agnov. "Wot a sofin down frim the 'Nigger' uv a year ago!" Sadly I retraced my steps. Washin off my disfigre I felt, fer the first time in my life, utterly and entirely retchid.

Wen Dimiter got to callin niggers "kulder men," and want em 2 work beside em, and drink out uv the same bottle with em, wat better air they than Abilishists? The fucher uv the Democracy is indeed dark and gloomy. We can't move the people as we ust 2. They pay the taxis, and say they ain't so heavy after all. They hev disklivered that Government munny isn't wuthless—they won't talk any more about resistin the draft, on the contrary they are rasin munny to send Democrats into the army, which alluz cums back rantin Abilishists, a nookin down peese men and forcin em to take the oath. Farmers onder the high prices uv prodooose with a pashene and ekamity wouderful to behold.

Yisterday Bill Sipes sold his sotril mare fer \$150, and insistid on hevvin his pay all in greenback. I warned Wilyum uv the risk he wuz runnin in keepin so much of that stuff, wen he impudently exclaimed "Stuff! hay! Old Nosey that's played out!" "Old Nosey," "Played out!"—This to his spirital father! his pastor and guide Whair air we drifin?

Wat we air to do to stem the tide that is settin agin us is more than I know. A good decisiv confederid victory woud help us, but alas! I see no probability uv that. It's lait to talk uv compromise, fer thers hardly enough left uv the South to compromise with. I'm sick. I'm sorry I supportid Vallandigham. I wish I hed bin a war man. My congresshoun is gettin look-warm, and don't bay ther quartrage reglar, and the grocery keepers air intimatin that be long I must begin to pay fer my lickin! Wher wil it end?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor uv sed Church in charge

AN HONEST COPPERHEAD.

There's a story told of an Irishman who landed in New York harbor, was met and welcomed by a countryman, who had been longer here.

"Welcome, Pat," said the latter, "I'm glad to see ye; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day."

Pat and his friend took some refreshments together, and presently the newly-arrived began to make some inquiries about voting.

"Ye'll vote for who ye please," said his friend, "sure it's a free country."

"Well, thin, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go agin the government—that's what I always did at home."

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubens, other day. "Oh not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

ACTS, WORDS, AND EXPRESSIONS.

We have now reached that stage in the progress of this bloody war, when the sentiments and feelings of every one, possessing the slightest intelligence, whether a native of the North or South, can be ascertained without doubt.

Actions, words and expressions, tell too clearly to be mistaken, whether the heart beats for the maintenance of the Union, or the success of the miserable Confederate cause. We contend that it is high time, too, when every man who lives within federal jurisdiction and claims the protection of the national flag, should, in some rational manner demonstrate his patriotism and loyalty so as to be entirely above and beyond suspicion. Every man who is really a genuine and unquestionable patriot, at heart, need never be subjected to doubt and distrust. He can and will satisfy all with whom he comes in contact or exchanges sentiments, that he hates and despises this monstrous rebellion, and honestly desires the full restoration of the national authority.

The fact that he may be a Southern man, and that his affections honestly cling to the place of his nativity, will not prevent him from making himself clearly understood as a devoted friend of the National Government.

Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow are real Southern men, and yet, who ever dreams of calling their loyalty into question? All their acts and expressions ever since this wicked rebellion commenced, go to demonstrate their loyalty as clear as the noon day sun.

In speaking upon the subject of words and expressions, we confess the time has come when anything like the exhibition of lukewarmness for the National cause, and a desire to palliate and excuse the horrid crimes that have been perpetrated by the leaders of this rebellion ought to meet with instant rebuke and condemnation.

When a man who talks flippantly and freely on general topics, is heard to condemn and denounce almost everybody and everything except the acts and bloody atrocities, justly chargeable to Davis and his red handed associates in infamy, then it is time to brand him as unworthy of confidence. He is a subject of distrust, and ought to be marked.

As the war goes on all neutral or middle ground utterly vanishes. There may, occasionally be some excuse for silence, but in every instance where a person is situated so as to speak freely, and does not take sides openly and heartily for the union, he might as well, so far as all practical and useful purposes are concerned, be an avowed secessionist and go over at once to the embraces of the enemy.

COPPERHEAD PAPERS.—These organs confess the greatest solicitude in reference to the results which are likely to follow the return of our citizen soldiery to their homes at the close of the war. They have reason for solicitude of some sort, we do not doubt. They have given no support to the army, and it can scarcely be expected that the men who have composed that army will co-operate with such papers on their return. We do not anticipate, however, that their return to civil life will be attended with such violations of law as the copperhead organs would lead their readers to believe. But if the return of the men who have bared their breasts to the enemy in defense of the country is so much to be dreaded, why were the whole copperhead faction so anxious to have all our armies withdrawn twelve months ago? Was it simply because they wished to aid the rebellion? Reasoning algebraically every unprejudiced person must come to the conclusion that this was their sole object. Who ever knew of a copperhead enlisted to fight against the south? We have known them to enlist for the purpose of drawing the first installment of the bounty, and then desert; but we never knew one to enlist to suppress treason, and we deny that a single instance can be produced.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulous or ill nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists animal tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, an index to the mind—denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and animal beings, whatever their mental endowments may be, seldom fail to please, besides which the singing of the ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their minds.

We are ruined; not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

A.—A man of sense always counsels with his wife.
B.—Borrowed garments never fit well.
C.—Council is to be given by the wise—the remedy by the rich.
D.—Drunkness is a pair of spectacles to see the devil and all his works.
E.—Every Ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horse.
F.—Few envy the mark of others that have any of their own.
G.—Go into the country to hear what news there is in town.
H.—He that "will consider of it," takes time to deny you handsomely.
I.—In a hundred ells of contention, there is not an inch of love.
J.—Jealousy is a proof of self-love, but no proof of social love.
K.—Keep aloof from quarrels; be neither witness nor party.
L.—Losers are always in the wrong.
M.—Men get wealth and women keep it.
N.—Never carry two faces under one hood.
O.—Once in a year a man may say—"on my conscience."
P.—Physicians faults are covered with earth; rich men's with money.
Q.—Quick believers need broad shoulders.
R.—Ready money is a ready medicine.
S.—Success makes a fool appear wise.
T.—Three may keep counsel, if two be away.
U.—Uncouth language is the sure index of an impure heart.
V.—Vice is its own punishment, and sometimes its own cure.
W.—When the heart is past hope, the face is past shame.
Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

BE MANLY.

Never try to keep out of any one's way when you owe him any thing. It is bad enough in all conscience, to be in debt; make your condition no worse by growing mean under its pressure. When you cannot pay up at the appointed times don't make believe sick, don't skulk about in the out of the way streets to avoid meeting your creditor, don't sneak around the first corner when you catch sight of him before he has seen you. All such conduct is unmanly. No doubt you feel averse to standing face to face with a man whom you owe—pay day past and you the debtor still—it is mortifying, very; but it is only one of the natural consequences of borrowing; and as you have incurred the penalty meet it like a man. Face your creditor, let him know that you have neither forgotten the debt or underrated his patience toward you. Say frankly to him that you are very sorry to keep him so long out of his money, and that you will pay up as fast and as soon as you possibly can. This is the only creditable way to conduct yourself in the case. There is no respect due to a man or woman who, feeling unable to meet their payments at the proper time, instead of going at once and explaining the reason why they fail, and doing and saying all they can to assure their creditors that they mean no dishonesty, just sneak about carefully, anxiously to slun their creditor's sight.

Mr. Bond the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor in Connecticut, asked the convention which nominated him, which was the greater traitor, Jeff Davis or Abraham Lincoln. The convention applauded the inquiry. Mr. Wm. W. Eaton the President of the convention, said that he wished that every soldier would come home to vote and then stay at home. These are the kind of men who said at the beginning of the war that they and their friends would prevent Massachusetts troops from crossing the State of Connecticut. Evidently their sentiments have not improved any since that time. Connecticut can't vote but one use for such men on election day—that is to vote them down. [Providence Journal.]

A petition was presented to the Ohio Legislature from citizens of Wyandotte county V. the effect that, inasmuch as the Copperheads had paraded on their banners during the last political campaign the request of their daughters "Fathers, protect us from negro equality, and give us white husbands or none," therefore it is desirable of Copperhead young ladies to "protect" them and give them none but white husbands. Referred to the Committee of the Whole. It was the opinion on all hands that the twitting deers should be protected.